

The Consequence of Happiness by Luv_Haze

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Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Neil Hargrove, Steve Harrington, Steve Harrington's Mother, Steve Harrington's Parents, Susan Hargrove

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Summary:

A short drabble where Billy and Steve get caught together at a party and suffer the social consequences from their peers while their parents try to set them straight.

The Consequence of Happiness

Author's Note:

Another small drabble that asked me to write it while I'm working on updates for my other fics.

Warnings: They get bullied for being gay.

It's probably the worst thing that's ever happened to him—to *them*. Steve knows Billy had it rough in California, still had it rough with his dad when they moved to Hawkins and Steve had been beaten unconscious once (which, clearly they made up after that) and faced down monsters who simply wanted to eat him and his friends.

But this, this was *still* worse.

They had been taking more and more risks. Every time they got away with something small they'd up the ante, because they could, because they wanted to. Because it wasn't fair they had to hide.

The first risk they took was a quick kiss in the locker room after gym class when everyone had already left the showers. And not just a peck on the lips, they full on kissed with tongues and nips and their usual heat, but quick and to the point, wet and naked.

But then after several kisses in public that had gone unseen, they started touching each other more. Not just a hand on a shoulder, but Billy would slide his hand down Steve's back, cup his ass and then pat it, because he *owned* it, or at least that's what he always said when he was balls deep inside of him.

Touches escalated to hugs. Hugs to full on making out. They were always aware of their surroundings, only taking chances they knew were safe, but still dangerous and one adrenaline fueled success after another lulled them into false security and misguided invincibility so when they had a few beers in them at a house party and found an empty bedroom, the one bullet in the otherwise empty chamber finally got them.

Steve's parents threatened to pull him out of school, he had to beg to finish his Senior year, it was only a few months anyway. He went to three therapy sessions a week, as if they could *talk* the gay out of him, make him straight again. His locker had fresh spray paint every few days. Fag, pussy, bitch were commonly scattered across it. Cocksucker was his least favorite especially since it was Billy who had been on his fucking knees with Steve's cock in his mouth when the door slammed open and two semi-inebriated high schoolers found them. *Saw* them.

And then told *everyone*.

Billy had the worst of it. His dad *hadn't* touched him yet, hadn't laid a finger on him, couldn't, not when everyone's eyes were on the pretty faggot that had transferred into school and corrupted poor old heartbroken Steve. Billy got blamed for turning Steve Harrington into a fag. Had the windows of his Camaro smashed in, been kicked out of gym class while Steve hadn't. Billy had been given study hall instead, told they couldn't have someone like him in the fucking locker room with the other boys.

Fucking *adults* told him that.

It broke Billy. He still held his head high, but Steve knew he was crushed beyond belief on the inside. He got into several fights, won every single one of them, been jeered at, taunted, ganged up on several times when the other boys realized they couldn't take him one on one. Billy was a scrappy fighter, always managed to get away, but it was when a few of them threatened to lay off him if he sucked their dicks too that he'd had enough and shown up at Steve's shaking in rage and fear and social rejection.

The kids had heard what happened, everyone had. They were confused, withdrawn from Steve while whispering as if they didn't know what to do or say. It was Jonathan that finally reprimanded them, said to just act normal, that Steve needed them right now. Turns out, they didn't care that Steve liked guys, they were only worried about why he was with Billy of all people.

Even Nancy understood. Her and Jonathan would flank Steve at school when they could. Kept him from feeling isolated when he and

Billy decided to lay low in public, to *not* give people something else to talk about.

But it was Max who saved Billy from everyone. From Susan, from Steve's parents, from Neil. She marched right up to the Harrington's house, fresh off her bike, and rang the doorbell until Mrs. Harrington answered with a polite hello.

She'd told her, with a rather raised, cracking voice and tears in her eyes, that love was love and she'd only lived with Billy for a few years, but in those years she'd seen him get beaten by his father over and over and over again and no one was there to help him until Steve came along. Steve had saved Billy, kept him sane and accepted him for who he was. She schooled Mrs. Harrington on *real life* and when Steve's dad came to the door upon hearing the commotion, the couple let Max in and made her chocolate milk.

And then they went to meet Susan and Neil.

Neil demanded Billy and Steve be kept apart, *for their best interests*, of course, *it's just a phase, can't let them indulge, gotta rip them apart now before it's too late.*

Susan had stayed quiet, but Steve's mom had not. She invited Billy to move into their spare bedroom, under their watchful eye of course, no teens under their roof would be permitted any hanky panky regardless of their gender or sexual orientation. But Neil said no. Didn't want them *closer*, wanted one or both of them dead if they were dumb enough to try to be in a relationship.

Steve's father had stood up at the death threat, called Hopper and within hours Billy was moved into their home, his room next to Steve's, *like brothers*, his mom had said with a smile. *You've always wanted a brother, Steve.*

But Billy wasn't his brother and they weren't going through a fucking phase.

Steve's therapy sessions continued on until after his graduation, Billy volunteering to attend several with him, and then Steve's life went back to relative normality once the Fourth of July circled around, but

Billy still had another year left in high school. He refused to transfer to a neighboring town, saying he would show all those mother fuckers up.

Steve had been confused by what he meant at first, but then Billy kissed him while they sat on the sofa together, in front of Steve's fucking mom, and smiled. *Being happy and living well is the best form of revenge*, he'd said and Steve's heart warmed because no matter what had happened or what names they'd been called, they always found a way to be happy because that was the entire fucking point of being together.

They made each other happy. And everyone else could go fuck themselves.

They half expected Steve's mom to blush and remind them of her no hanky panky in the house rule, but instead she looked at them, her face soft and glowy. *I always wanted another son, prayed to God every night for years to have another boy, a younger brother for Steve so he wouldn't be alone...and can you imagine, my prayers were answered after all. While you're not my child, Billy, I still consider you a son-in-law. God works in mysterious ways and I trust him with all things.*

And in the end, Steve found real acceptance from his mother and Billy's prayers had finally been heard as well, because while he hadn't prayed for a new mother, he had prayed his mother would help him from above and she had, she'd brought him to Steve and Mrs. Harrington. And even Max. She'd sent those who could truly love and accept him into his life and for that, Billy was blessed.

Author's Note:

This is complete.